

The Frances Shimer Record

April, 1927



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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In Memoriam

Since the last issue of *The RECORD* three former Trustees have passed away, President Harry Pratt Judson, Dr. Nathaniel Butler, and Mr. Wallace Heckman.

Dr. Nathaniel Butler was a member of the Board of Trustees from 1909 to 1927. He was President of the Board from 1921 to 1927. He was a graduate of Colby College and later its President. He taught at Ferry Hall 1875-6. He was Professor in the Old University of Chicago from 1884 to 1886. He was a member of the Faculty of The University of Chicago from 1892 to 1895 and from 1901 to 1923.

Dr. Butler made frequent trips to Mt. Carroll as a Trustee. He made himself familiar with the School in an unusual degree, and met the Faculty socially. As a mark of confidence in its work he sent his daughter Jeanette to Frances Shimer, from which she was graduated in 1926. He was a delightful guest and an equally ideal chairman of the Board of Trustees, presiding with exceptional consideration and efficiency. No one ever appealed from a decision when he was in the chair and no one ever failed to get a hearing. A long life had brought him into contact with large numbers of interesting people and from such associations he carried much away. Whether in the Board or in social converse, he left the impression of a delightful friend.

President Judson was a member of the Board of Trustees from 1906 to 1925. He was President of The University of Chicago from 1907 to 1923 and Professor in History and International Law from 1892 to 1906. He was the first man chosen by President Harper for the Faculty of the new University. He was always cordial and sympathetic and helpful as a Trustee of Frances Shimer School and never failed when asked for counsel. Occasionally he visited the School and addressed the student body. He was internationally known as an authority on American History and Political Science. His attitude was conservative as President and he did much to strengthen the finances of the University.

Mr. Wallace Heckman, noted Chicago lawyer, was Trustee of Frances Shimer School from 1909 to 1925. He gave attention to such legal matters as arose while he was Trustee and attended occasional meetings of the Board. He rendered great service to The University of Chicago for years from 1903 as Business Manager and Counsel.

The School owes a debt of gratitude to these men which it can never repay. Their names on the list of Trustees in the Catalog gave confidence far and wide. No single factor in its history has been more influential than the presence of these men among the Trustees. Strangers from far and near sent their daughters to Mt. Carroll when they saw these names in the list of Trustees. We miss them but their influence abides as an inspiration.

President W. P. McKee and Mr. S. J. Campbell attended the funeral services of Dr. Butler at the Hyde Park Baptist Church in Chicago.



Hogan the Hodman

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of " Hogan the Hodman.

Squire Marshall's estate was on the outskirts of a Suffolk hamlet. Here, in the servants' quarters, Hogan had been born. He grew up as a stable boy, but horses frightened him. He was not talented enough to be a cook, not comely enough to be a butler, not intelligent enough to be a valet. His mother, second cook in the Squire's kitchen, and his father, head gardener, early despaired of him. He seemed capable of no respectable position; but he had been born into the world, and he must live his allotted time. It was found that aside from his clumsiness he made a fairly efficient hodman.

So day after day Hogan carried hods back and forth. Often he upset them, even before the fireplace in the Squire's chamber. Often too, he forgot to fill them, and his mother would be sore "put to" it to find an excuse for him. But Hogan did not mind the cook's abuses, nor his mother's railings, nor the other servants' banterings. He did not even mind carrying hods.

One day he set a full hod down by the kitchen stove and stood a moment watching his mother. She was basting a roasted fowl, and the hot grease splattered on her hands and arms. She shielded her face with one hand, and cursed the hot grease roundly. Hogan watched it dumbly and wondered why the grease splattered. Then his mother banged the oven door shut and ordered him, "Away from under my 'eels, you hidler!"

Hogan went out on the back stoop and wondered about the grease. He did not wonder much nor long, but it was something new for him to wonder at all.

The next day he brought a hod in when another fowl was being basted. This one popped and sputtered more protestingly than the other. Hogan asked his mother why the grease splashed.

"Hit's got a vile temper," she snapped.

Hogan went out on the stoop again and wondered about the grease. For the first time in his life he was interested in something. Every day after that he tried to be in the kitchen when a roast was basted. Sometimes it was the head cook whom the grease burned, and often it was the little maids-of-all-work.

Hogan began to feel sorry for them all. It was too bad they were burned. One day on the back stoop he wondered why the grease could not cook without popping. The next day he saw that water did not behave so badly.

Every day he wondered the same thing while he sat on the back stoop. Then one day his mother spilled hot grease all down her arm, and the squire sent her away to be cared for. Hogan never said anything, but he was sorry for his mother. He wondered why they kept on roasting fowls in the kitchen. The grease burned them all, but they never said anything about not using it. He puzzled a great deal about it. He puzzled more when his mother came back months later and began basting fowls again.

One day he was alone in the kitchen and he took some of the grease in a cup and hid it in his bed. He did not know why he did this but he thought maybe he could keep it from splashing.

That night he stole out of the building and hid behind the barn. He built a brisk little fire with some fuel he had fetched, and he set the cup of grease on it. First the grease melted, then it bubbled cheerfully, and finally, when he put a stick in it, the grease splashed up and burned his hand.

Hogan stole grease and fuel almost every day after that and slipped out behind the barn while others slept, and watched the hot grease. One night he noticed a mud puddle close by, and he scooped up a little water in his hand and poured it into the grease. He almost laughed at the awful splatter it caused. He put some more in and then some more. It was fascinating, this dropping water into the grease.

After that he stole other things. Spices and extracts and corn meal and brandy all found their way to his pocket some time or other, and then, at night, were dropped into hot grease. One day he took a bottle, off the dresser in the Squire's chamber. It was a very small bottle filled with a thin, red fluid. Hogan liked the bottle. He poured a drop in the grease that night, but nothing happened. He poured another drop in, but nothing happened. He was almost disappointed.

The next day he was alone in the kitchen again. He uncovered the roast to dip out a little grease. He thought of the little bottle in his pocket, and he took it out and poured a bit in the roaster. Nothing happened. He heard steps in the buttry, and he re-covered the roast and closed the oven door. The cook came in with his hands and arms smeared with flour.

He hurried to the oven and pulled out the roast. Carefully he started basting it, but it did not splatter. He jumped up and poked the fire violently. "Not 'ot enough," he wailed. "The roast'll be tough." Soon the stove was glowing all across the top, but still the grease would not splatter when the fowl was basted. There was great excitement in the kitchen and no one thought to tell Hogan to leave. Later, when he brought the last hod for the banking of the kitchen fire, he overheard some one say the Squire had pronounced the roast the best he ever tasted.

Hogan did not leave the house that night, but he did not sleep much either. He was almost thinking. He wondered if the red fluid kept the roast from splattering. And very soon he knew it did. When he put none in, the grease burned everyone; when he did put some in, it burned no one. Hogan was pleased. He liked the grease and he liked the red fluid, but he said nothing.

Then the Squire called all the servants together and asked which of them had seen a small bottle with a thin red liquid in it. He thought he had left it on his dresser. It was a very precious substance—a rare chemical. He was to mail it to a famous laboratory that day. He was exceedingly wrought up over the disappearance of the vial. Everyone felt sorry for him, but no one seemed to know about the vial.

Hogan sat on the back stoop afterward and wondered. The bottle was his, he thought. Finally he got up and went to the Squire's room. The Squire was trying to write a letter. Hogan stood silently.

"Well," demanded his master.

Hogan handed him a very small bottle. It was pink and sticky looking and it was empty.

"What! Where did you find it! But where is——?"

Hogan was nearly frightened. "H'on your dresser, sir," he said.

And then it seemed to Hogan that the Squire asked a million questions. He tried to tell about the grease, but the Squire roared, "You imbecile, where is the fluid?"

He tried to tell about the fluid, but it seemed necessary to explain the grease first and the Squire would not listen. Hogan felt confused and sad, so he started to leave the room. The Squire stopped him, and told him he was a thief and an idiot and that there would be the devil to pay for his folly.

Hogan did not know why, but he felt sorry for his master. At last he was dismissed. He went back to the kitchen and picked up the empty hod.

And so "ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy——" Hogan the hodman had but one fancy in all his life. He stopped the hot grease from puttering in the roaster, but Hogan's accidental invention was lost to the world through the ignorance of a Squire who lacked fancy.

Ruth Simmons, College '29.

What I Think of Roads

What fascinating things are roads. Think what possibilities lie just beyond that next curve in the road. Maybe the road is slipping quietly into a fairy dell; maybe it bustles between rows of houses; and maybe it rolls smoothly under the feet of playing children. Whatever it does, the element of uncertainty just before you turn the corner is thrilling.

I like roads, all roads, the big, wide bustly kind with cars and people rushing over them; the quieter streets where boys play games; the little narrow ones across which the top stories of houses shake hands. Most of all, I like roads out in the country, with tall trees on either side pushing them into mere ribbons.

There is a road like this near my home. It is a friend with which I am acquainted. Some day I am going to follow that road wherever it leads. It tempts me whenever I pass. The branches of the trees on the side sway and seem to call, "Come on! Once you are here, we can keep you, we know." I know it too. That is why I sometimes fear that friendly little road.

Paths are infant roads. Often, like human beings, the children are much more interesting than their parents. Paths are almost friendly, for they skip ahead of you pulling you around the corner to see a squirrel with a nut, or a nest of baby birds. Paths in parks are not as appealing as uncharted paths. The kind that are in some one's pasture and are meant for private use are wonderful if you steal along them. As stolen fruits make the best eating, forbidden paths make the best tramping. They have a spicy flavor in their sudden jerks and twists. Park paths, on the other hand, cannot jump and romp as pasture paths do. They have to be very sedate and held up sentimental young men and fat ladies with picnic baskets.

I know a path that for about half the year plays in mud-puddles. It is the most pleasant little thing except for that one bad habit. Of course, on days when one feels like slushing through the mud to give vent to his feelings, it is more charming because of its failing to be prim and proper. Some day I shall take my best friends with me and introduce them to my best paths. I do not always introduce my paths to everyone as so many do not appreciate their charm. Very few appreciate the "mud-puddly" one, so I seldom show it at all. I think if I wanted to determine a life-long companion, I should show him my paths, and if he had the same feeling toward them that I have, I would know he was the person for me.

Elinor Evans, College '28.

Spring Song of Home-work

As I sit and gaze thru my window,
 In the park I see a lone bench.
 The scene is one of rare beauty,
 But alas! There is yet my FRENCH.

The birds are all in the heavens.
How graceful! And oh, how free!
But I tear my hair in frenzy.
Alack! my GEOMETRY!

The children scurry here and there,
Their childish games — what fun!
But for me the day is very bleak;
My LATIN is not done.

Oh, to get out in the good, fresh air!
Oh, for a crafty scheme!
But then comes the voice of my conscience —
How about that five-page theme?

Madeline Mendelsohn, Academy '28.

Naming the Baby

For weeks and weeks it had been the main topic of discussion — what should the new baby be named? Here it was, less than a week before his arrival, and the answer to that all-important question was still unknown. Something had to be done immediately, so Hetty, the ringleader of the Hendersons, assembled aunts, cousins, and all other kin interested in the naming of the baby.

Fourteen stiff and austere gentle-women marched solemnly into the cold and dismal east parlor, the place where all of the executive business of the Hendersons was carried on. The parlor was long and narrow, and the walls were dark and bare, except for an enormous family portrait which hung over the cold and empty fireplace. Stiff, red plush, portrait stuffed chairs, placed in straight lines along the four walls, created an atmosphere of orderliness and uniformity. A beautiful, old mahogany table, which occupied the center of the room, was likewise the center of interest, for at its head stood the bustling, important Hetty. The oil lamp in front of her cast dark shadows along the walls, and reflected the expressions of the stiff occupants of the stiff chairs. It was plainly to be seen that Hetty was the president, vice president, speaker, and council of the meeting in order. Meek, fearful glances were given Hetty by her gaunt sisters and cousins who sat on the edges of their chairs, nervously folding and unfolding their long bony fingers. Suddenly, sister, cousin, aunt, and grandmother straightened in their chairs, and gave their undivided attention to Hetty who had coughed; experience had taught them that whenever Hetty coughed she meant business — the meeting was to begin.

"Fellow kinswomen," cackled Hetty, "you undoubtedly know what brings us together at the close of this day. You know that we are to have a new member amongst us in less than a week — the son of our affectionate brother Paul and his wife Gladys. I have decided that it is our duty as Hendersons to have the responsibility of attaching the prefix to the

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new Henderson, whom we hope, will carry the name on to fame. Suggestions for a name are now in order. I feel that our mother, as 'his' grandmother, should make her wishes known to us first. Mother Henderson, future grandmother, what do you think is a suitable name for your new grandson?"

Mother Henderson, a white-haired rosy-faced, old, over-stuffed lady sitting in an old, over-stuffed chair, blushed a shade rosier, blinked her faded and near-sighted eyes behind grey-trimmed spectacles, and answered hesitatingly, "Well now, Hetty, you alwus know best. I alwus liked 'Charles' for a name, because your father's name was that. D'ya think the young 'un would like to be called after his gran'pa?"

"Oh! 'Charles' is too common a name," wailed Aunt Cora. "I just read a story, and the tall, handsome hero's name was 'Julius Myron'. I know that will fit him."

"'Julius' indeed!" sniffed third cousin Lulu. "Who wants a tall, handsome hero in the family? He should be named 'Octavius' after the strong Roman general."

A sharp cough, and a rap on the table silenced the indignant Lulu. Stony glances were cast at the offenders by the haughty Hetty.

"Loretta, your opinion if you please," continued Hetty in icy tones.

"Now really, Henrietta, I think that since we want our nephew to become a minister, he should have a name to inspire him to live a life of goodness and righteousness. Don't you think that 'Jacob Peter' would be an ideal name?"

Loretta meekly glanced at the faces around her for approval, but the looks of consternation which confronted her, caused her to add, "Of course, Hetty dear, it's just as you say."

"Yes, Hetty," piped another, "why don't you suggest something? You always know best."

The mighty Hetty straightened her tall, wiry body, thrust back her steel-grey head, and acknowledged, "Of course, if you insist. I must admit I would not disgrace our nephew by attaching to him such names as 'Julius', or 'Octavius'. Neither do the other names strike my fancy; they seem to lack the Henderson originality. I believe I have a suggestion which will be accepted by you all—in fact, I know that it will be accepted by all," she added decisively. They all knew it too, for what Hetty said and did was always accepted as the correct thing.

"The name I have chosen for our new nephew is 'August Otto'" she exclaimed triumphantly.

Enthusiastic nods and murmurs of approval were exchanged around the circle.

"What a strong name; only you would think of it, Hetty," whined Aunt Ella, as she nodded her head emphatically, and screwed her thin face into a supposedly pleasing smile.

Hetty coughed again, to subdue the buzzing of "How suitable", "Isn't that just like Hetty?" and "Dear Hetty."

"Of course," the leader continued, "I have a reason for choosing that name. I did not choose to name him after one of our family, because I did not wish to injure any feelings."

Neighbors nodded their approval to each other, and smiled mincingly at Henrietta who continued, "therefore decided on 'August' because that is this month—the month of our nephew's birth."

"How clever, Hetty, how did you ever think of that?" gasped Cousin Abbie.

Ignoring Abbie's question, Hetty added, "'Otto' is the first name of the governor of our state, and what could be a better ideal to set before a young one?" she challenged.

What could indeed! The general murmur of acquiescence told Hetty that her suggestion was accepted—as she had intended it should be.

The following week, the fourteen were again assembled in the east parlor, but this time, the purpose was to welcome the new baby—"it" had arrived but an hour ago. Anxious eyes were watching the door of the sickroom, for at any minute the doctor would announce the news of 'August Otto'.

Their patience was finally rewarded, for the smiling, be-spectacled doctor opened the door, closed it carefully behind him, beamed on the eager-eyed group, and said, "She's one of the finest eight-pound baby girls I ever hope to see."

Marjorie Foley, College '28.

A Scene from Windcreek Divide

Everyone, if he is a dreamer at all, has a favorite spot where he loves to go and sit for hours, seemingly doing nothing. My place of dreams is on the top of Windcreek divide, the highest point in the Bearpaw Mountains. From the summit, I command a view of the surrounding country for miles and miles. One can see far in the clear atmosphere of the West, and an unbelievable amount of territory is unfolded before my eyes.

The time when I most love to occupy this lofty spot is at sunset. After the long, hard climb to the summit, I let my horse wander at will, while I feast my eyes on the beauty before me. At my feet the small gulch, from which I have just ascended, winds here and there until it joins the larger valley, through which runs a clear, cold stream. The sides of this little gulch are thick with small pine trees, so closely packed that not a trace of bare earth may be seen between them.

Beyond this little gulch are many more such coulees, curiously alike, yet all different. They lend a rugged atmosphere to the mountains upon whose sides they are imprinted.

Before I allow myself to look at the blazing glory of the sunset which I always keep for a treat, I turn to the north and look long over the vast plains. They stretch northward from the foothills for endless miles. A little to the east, I can discern the outlines of Cherry Ridge which lies over the Canadian line thirty-five miles away. Past this ridge all becomes an

indistinct blue, which does not enable one to discern the line between earth and sky; and yet I know that I am looking on a portion of the distant Canadian plains.

As I look eastward, I am struck by the beauty of the sky. There seems to be a second sunset there, for the clouds are masses of pink and gold, standing out against the beautiful azure of the sky. In this direction, many miles off, I can see the last mountains in this little range; and past that, more prairie such as stretches toward the north. A little to the right, I can see quite distinctly the darkening blue of another range of mountains, the Little Rockies, which lie sixty miles away.

As I turn my face, a cool wind strikes my cheek. It is pleasant and exhilarating, and I breathe deeply as I look toward the south. In the near distance, rising from the lesser mountains at its base, is old Saw-Tooth, with its rugged outline merging into the darkening blue of the sky. But my eyes are drawn further. There, way to the south, is a faint blue line, which my mind tells me is the Missouri River. It seems incredible that I should see it from such a distance, yet there it is, slowly growing fainter into the gathering dusk.

Finally, I permit myself to gaze upon the pulsating center of the scene. I can scarcely breathe as I look at the marvelous coloring of the western sunset. The sky is a blaze of color: gold, and purple, and pink, and that indescribable light which makes the sunset the awe-inspiring phenomenon it is. The central figure in this burst of color is the fiery disk, rapidly dropping behind the far blue horizon. Now it is gone, but the sky still retains the magic coloring which grows fainter and softer as the dusk gathers round.

Against this background of pink and golden light, the mountains in front of me stand silhouetted, tall and powerful, with their rugged outlines growing softer and more indistinct. They are masses of powder-blue velvet, turned purple where the gulches deepen.

I look again toward the west, straining my eyes to catch the last gleam of gold that lingers in the train of the retired monarch of the skies. Suddenly, the nickering of my horse recalls to me that darkness is rapidly approaching, and I must hurry homeward. Regretfully I mount and start down the side of Windcreek, promising myself another visit, the very next evening, to this wonderland of distance and color.

Lohma Boyle, College '28.

Woods in Spring

Green limbs gently tossing, swaying,
Golden sunlight softly straying
Through the leaves.

Purple bows of velvet peeping
From green frills, and sometimes weeping
When it rains.

Blossoms, pearl and coral, dancing
With their dainty grace enhancing
Emerald hills.

Flashing birds, gaily singing,
Mating, weaving nests, and bringing
Signs of Spring.

Tossing bits of clouds, and holding
Sky of azure blue enfolding,
Woods in Spring.

Madeline Masher, College '28.

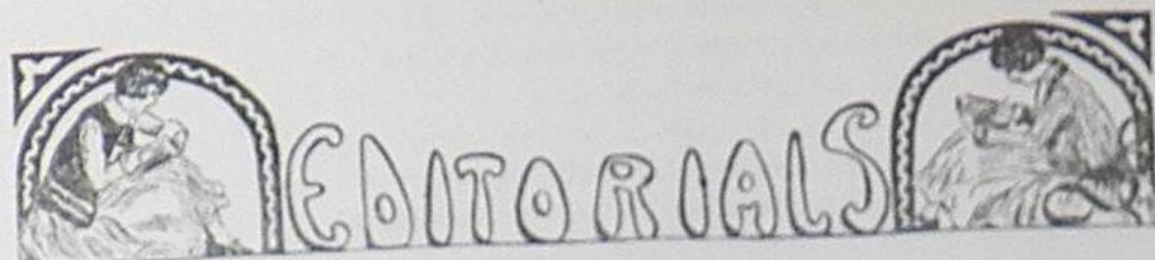
The Campus in Summer

What is more forlorn than a campus during the summer months? Upon stopping to think a minute, you are unable to name anything that is as dreary and forsaken as a campus minus the gay throngs of happy students, that go to and fro at all times during the winter days.

The grass and sidewalks seem to cry for some one to walk or run on them; every sound echoes and re-echoes among the empty buildings; and the song-birds have a plaintive call—they know that no one is there to listen to them. The trees move languidly in the sultry breezes that try to awake the sleeping campus. For the campus does seem to be asleep—asleep—resting after its long winter term. The buildings show no signs of habitation, and the drawn curtains give them the appearance of being asleep also.

The only spark of life on the broad expanse of campus is that of the campus pup. He has grown thinner and more awkward since June, and he seems to be a little more sober. Perhaps this is because he has been left alone and has had time to think of all the unpleasant sides of life. As he trots slowly along to each door on campus, nosing it at first in expectation and then in sorrow, he gives the forlorn campus an even more forlorn look.





Keep On

Now that our grades for the last semester's final examinations are back from their trip to Chicago, a good motto for every girl in the school to adopt is "Keep On". To those whose grades are in the nineties "Keep On" should signify that they are to strive to maintain their high standing. "Keep on" to those whose grades were mediocre should mean that they should not work less hard because they have passed, but that they should aim at making higher marks in the next examinations. And for those who failed altogether, "Keep On"! A little more endurance, a fraction more of speed, of energy, of patience, of persistence, may make all the difference in the world the next time. So "Keep On"!

Will Dreams Return?

We grow too satisfied with ourselves and the world about us. We live this small cramped life of ours, and never dream there is a bigger, broader world. We have been trained to accept certain standards, and we never question them. Many of us are Methodists and Republicans because we do not wish to break a family precedent. With a very limited knowledge of other creeds and other politics, we feel ourselves to be able to criticize them severely. But human nature has always been thus—intolerant of the opinions of others. It is no new nor alarming characteristic.

But there is a modern tendency far more alarming than this petty narrowness. It shows itself in the youth of today. Our young men and women have been discussed from the moral angle long enough. They are not on the road to perdition. Their smoking and drinking and "petting parties" are not at all exaggerated, but these are not the craven instincts of a recreant youth. It is high time we stop predicting the destruction of this dissipated age, and awake to the real dangers before us.

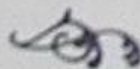
It is true that young people have thrown off the yoke of discipline, but it is not, as so many say, because they are dissatisfied with the antiquated world and in their zeal to modernize it have overstepped the bounds of convention. Flaming youth, with its jazz and wine, has not other thought in the world than to amuse itself. That the amusements of our young people border on licentiousness is not because they are dissatisfied with the world about them, and in their inability to analyze their discontent, have grown reckless. It is because they are too well satisfied.

As small children they puzzle about the things they see. But from the first they are trained to accept certain standards as infallible. By

the time they are through high school they question nothing. Their high school diploma means, "Here, you can read and write and cipher; you are ready to go forth a law-abiding citizen." They have put away childish things, and are content to take the world as they find it.

This is not a normal state. Youth, with its restless energy, should be curious, questioning, ambitious. It should be doubting every principle of life, and forming its own solutions to all its problems. But the youth of today has been taught that the world is right as it is; let it alone. There is a God, their teachers whisper, and, although youth does not know Him, they need only believe their elders. What is there beyond youth? They may be financial and social successes, but is that a worthy goal to set them? No, it is not worthy and it is not vital enough to satisfy the spirit of youth. They have accepted it as the role they are to play, but they feel the emptiness of their lives. They lack initiative. They have been trained to be satisfied, and so they will not seek for the things they miss. But in their longing for the God they do not know and the noble ambitions it is their heritage to have they have misinterpreted their discontent and are trying to throw it off in an endless round of frivolity.

It is well they can do this. Youth is fast seeing the folly of its life and is learning how to doubt again. Eventually the age of jazz will produce the young dreamers and inventors and poets of a less sophisticated day.



NEWS



C. Whitehead

The Stitch and Chatter Club

The Stitch and Chatter Club met at the regular meeting place at West Hall Lounge. Several new members were taken in who had come the second semester.

Neither one of the permanent sponsors was present on account of illness. Miss Wallace took their place.

Dues were collected for the month, and the making of dolls, dogs, bags, and other fancy work continued.

Arts and Crafts Club

The members of the Arts and Crafts Club are becoming more interested than ever in their work. Already many clever baskets and leather articles have been finished, and now lamp shades, scarfs, and knitted sweaters have been started. The girls all seem to enjoy their work immensely, and everything in our club is progressing splendidly under Miss Fortna's direction.

The Current Fiction Club

Our two-fold meetings continue; food for the mind and food for the body.

Thus far we have read the best books of the time in the line of fiction, and topped these off with the best food of the town. The Club meets in the Library.

Le Cercle Francais

The French Club has been reading the play "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on le Parle" and solving cross-word puzzles. At our last meeting Miss Thoreen told us about Norway, its villages, scenery, and customs. As usual we have been having refreshments at the close of our meetings.

The Mathematics Club

Instead of of the regular January meeting the members of the Mathematics Club attended two one-act plays given by the Dramatic Club.

The February meeting was held in Faculty Parlor. Miss Downing conducted an interesting program on "Chance Experiment". Mary Elizabeth Hageman had charge of the recreation after which cocoa and wafers were served.

The Travel Club

At the last two meetings of the Travel Club we journeyed through Germany and France. We were told about the beautiful scenery along the Rhine and in a few cities of Germany and about the wonderful things which can be seen in Paris.

The League of Women Voters Club

The League of Women Voters has been interested in Child Labor lately. At the February meeting Miss Emerson talked on the conditions under which children work and the advantages to be realized from a child labor law.

Y. M. C. A. Report

The biggest meeting and most important event in Y. W. during the past month or two was the meeting held Thursday, February 17. We were fortunate to get Dr. Foster to speak to us. At the appointed time the Lounge was filled to capacity. Questions had been handed in before the meeting started, and the entire time was taken up in answering these questions. They concerned topics that confront us in our every-day life, such as religion, smoking, and the attitudes of youth on various subjects. Although some of our opinions did not quite agree with his, it is invaluable to get the opinion of such an authority, and all those that attended will not forget this discussion.

The closing meeting before vacation was led by Miss Morrison, who talked on the life and work of St. Patrick.

The Latin Church

At the January meeting of the Latin Club the following officers were elected: Consul (president), Helen Gaggin; pro-consul (vice president), Edith Friend; Praetor (secretary), Maurine Bledsoe; Quaestor (treasurer), Sarah Porter.

At the last meeting the club was very happy to have Miss Santee as chaperon during Miss Hostetter's absence. At this meeting pins in the shape of little owls were chosen for the club pin. The play was discussed and the two principal parts were given to Beth Hower and Sara Finley. After the business meeting refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club

Miss Miller's leaving for Illinois Wesleyan, at Bloomington, was a great loss to the Club, but we feel assured that Miss Burtis is very capable of carrying on the work. We are certainly proud to have Miss Burtis as our advisor.

The annual play given by the Green Curtain Dramatic Club is to be "Smilin' Through", on Saturday evening, April the ninth.

The Poetry Club

There are fourteen members of the Poetry Club. At the February meeting Miss Pollard read from Lord Dunsany, and at the March meeting she read her favorite poems from poets before 1900. The April meeting will have poetry of today. The Club meets in Miss Pollard's room in McKee Hall.

"The Rivals"

Tuesday night, January eleventh, Mr. Harry Lawrence Southwick, President of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, read the "The Rivals" by Sheridan. It was very humorous and everyone enjoyed it.

Artists Recital

Much interest was manifested in the appearance Wednesday evening of Andreina Materassi in a program of piano music given in Metcalf Hall.

Miss Materassi, whose home is in Florence, Italy, is spending a few months in America doing some concert work. Of the playing of this young artist there is so much to be said that it is difficult to choose words to aptly fit the occasion. When one considers her youth, one stands amazed at her achievements. She has studied to great purpose and has something to say. She is able to carry out her own artistic intentions with intelligence and directness and she impresses the audience with the sincerity and thoroughness of her musicianship. She is so delightfully sure of herself, her technique is so fluent and finished, her work so crisp, clean, and spirited, that she wins unusual interest and admiration. Another asset is a most attractive personality. She assumes no airs or mannerisms but goes directly to her work, in which she seems absorbed, to the exclusion of her audience. An especially lovely bit of playing was done in the only encore granted—the *Scambati Minuet*. A great artistic future should await this delightful young artist.

The Bob Party

Saturday night, January fifteenth, seven bobs pulled up between Hathaway and College. In a little while all of the bobs were filled and we were ready to start. It was a little cold, a few degrees below zero, but we didn't mind that; it was one of those ideal winter evenings when the moon was shining brightly. After our ride we went to the gym where hot dogs and coffee were served. The A. A. gave us Shimerites one of the best times of the year.

Faculty Entertainment

Saturday night, January twenty-second, after we had all struggled through finals, for better or for worse as the case may be, Faculty entertained us. For the first number station F. S. S. broadcasted its post-exam, radio program. Miss Thoreen, with the able assistance of her office girl, Miss Luenzman, and her office-boy, Miss Watkins, took charge of the program. Among the broadcasters were Miss Allyn, Miss Seidel, Miss Fortna, and Miss Santee, a very well known quartet in radio circles. Miss Emerson sang a very lovely solo, accompanied by Miss Pollard, a woman of great musical ability. The winner in the debate between the Swedes, Miss Thoreen and Miss Higgins, was a matter for better judges than we are to decide. Miss Hostetter gave the market reports, Miss Schuster a bedtime story, and Miss Morrison advice to the lovers.

When station F. S. S. signed off, an affecting tragedy was given. Characters:

- The King—Miss Parker.
- The Devoted Queen—Miss West.
- The Beautiful Princess—Miss Wallace.
- The Dashing Duke—Miss Wood.
- The Bell Ringer—Mrs. Sweet.
- The Passing of Time—Miss Pollard.
- The Curtains—Mrs. McKee and Miss Bawden.

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After the entertainment refreshments were served by the faculty in College Hall.

A. A. Subscription Dance

The Athletic Association gave a subscription dance Saturday night, January twenty-ninth. In the Elimination dance Dorothy Fryer and Peggy Pullen won the prize. Popcorn balls and eskimo pies were passed out for refreshments. Tony's Orchestra furnished music for dancing, and everyone reported a wonderful time.

"Grass"

Saturday night, February twelfth, the movie "Grass" was shown at school. This was a history of a Forgotten People, the Semitic Race. It showed what hardships that entire race had to endure in their search for "grass" with which to feed their flocks.

We want to thank the girls who furnished the music during the movie and hope we shall have some at the next movie.

Open Night

Saturday night, February nineteenth, was open night. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was shown in Metcalf. Many attended this movie, while others did those things that they had planned to do for a long time and really never found the time for.

The "Collegiate Hop" given by the Senior class took place Saturday evening, February 26. The collegiate idea was carried out in the decorations, which were penants and banners, from different colleges and prep schools. Also those queer looking animals called dogs and dolls were added to carry out the idea. Later in the evening refreshments of punch and cakes were served to the students, the faculty and the many guests.

Unassessed Real Estate

Dr. Frederick Shannon gave a lecture Monday night, March seventh, on "Unassessed Real Estate" or "The Art of Appreciation". We can use and appreciate the sky, the lakes, city parks, and the human beings around us if we only will. No assessment can be laid on these by an assessor. They are thrown in with the bargain made in buying a home; they are the things which make life worth while, and bring us close to God.

Vespers

January 9—The subject of the Dean's talk was "The New Year"—1927. This New Year has fallen heir to all that has gone before us, all civilization, the product of all of the years. It is time now for us to take an inventory, not only of our material goods, but also of our characters, and compare them with those of a year ago. It is time now to make new resolutions. Don't be contented with the past. Turn over a new leaf and keep your standards high.

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January 16—The Y. W. C. A. had charge of Vespers. Madeleine Mosher read a very interesting story about the life of Christ, called "Bethlehem's Children" by Lagerlof.

January 23—Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago, spoke to us at Vespers. His talk was very interesting and inspiring to all of us. He told us something of the other planets' light rays, and other interesting facts. His talk made us realize how insignificant we really are. We hope that we may have the opportunity of hearing Dean Shailer Mathews speak again sometime in the future.

January 30.—Miss Wallace gave a very pleasing program which consisted of the following songs:

To a Wild Rose—McDowell.

The Nightengale Has a Lyre of Gold—Whelpley.

Harmony—Del Riego.

Girouretta—Sebella (16th century.)

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes—Crist.

Lady Bug.

Baby is Sleeping.

A Sad Old Cow.

The Mouse.

The Old Woman.

House That Jack Built—Homer.

Vacation—Bartlett.

February 6—The scripture reading which Dr. Gerald Birney Smith used for his subject of his talk was "When I was a child, I spake as a child; I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things". We should learn to grow up by putting away our childish things; but we must have the spirit and imagination of the child so deeply embedded in us that we cannot be diverted from the task in hand. We must accept the teaching of Jesus Christ with childlike faith.

February 13—Miss Burtis read "He Knew Lincoln" by Ida M. Tarbell. I am sure we all felt as if we knew Lincoln a little better after hearing this reading.

February 20—Miss Peters gave a talk on the birds that we can see on campus during our stay here. There certainly were many interesting things that we learned about these birds, many of which will soon be on campus.

February 27—Miss Luenzman read a very interesting story called "The Three Weavers".

March 6—The Dean read some of his favorites by Riley. Among the poems were "Nothing to Say", "The Old Man and Jim", "Our Hired Girl", and "The Raggedy Man".

March 13—Miss Emerson told us about her interesting experiences at Ridgeview Preventorium, a home for girls which is maintained by North-side Chicago women.

College Sophomore Notes

On Sunday evening, January 27, the College Sophomores had a delightful tea in College Hall parlor. Miss Morrison and Miss Parker were the guests of honor. Delicious refreshments, including coffee from our counsellor's new percolator, were served, and the class enjoyed a social evening.

The Senior Class

The Seniors have been quite busy for some time planning for the Senior prom which was to have taken place February 19. However, we were quite disappointed, for due to the epidemic of mumps which took possession of the campus, we were forced to postpone the prom until February 26. So once again on February 26, our beloved Nebby appeared to be gazed at by the eyes of all.

Our Senior pins have arrived since the last report and now, each and every Senior can be seen at almost any time proudly displaying the pin.

Junior Class Notes

Although we have not done anything in particular lately, we Juniors have been quite active in general. When basketball teams were chosen, because of the smallness of our class we were combined with the Freshman and Sophomores. Madelaine Mendelsohn, Virginia Hess, Jean Hinman and Emily Reed make up the Junior contribution to the team, and here's to it!

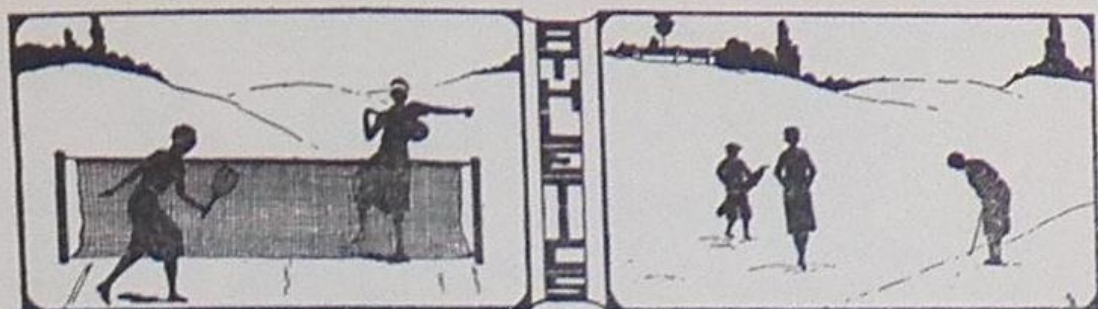
Academy Sophomore Class

The Sophomore class has nothing of any great importance to report for this issue of the RECORD, except that two members have been added to the list of "gay young Sophs". We are holding our own among the other classes, as no one can deny. We continue to bless the happy day that brought us our advisor Miss Luenzman, for no better can be found, say the Sophomores. So here's to the new Semester; may it be a happy and a profitable one.

Academy Freshman Report

The Freshmen experienced their semester exams, with fear gripping their hearts. Then we were held in suspense a long time before the grades came back from the University of Chicago. At last we have received our grades and some of us refuse to tell what we got. I wonder why. One of our seven was on the honor roll.

Four new freshmen entered F. S. S. at the beginning of the second semester. They are Lillian Segal, Jane Magnus, Virginia Burgess, and Eleanor Harris. They are getting to feel quite at home.



Basketball

The winter sports have been very successful, and have ended in a series of very exciting and interesting games. Class teams were chosen as follows:

College Sophomores—

Grobber
Bowen
Nelson
Crockett
Bachman
Bear
Russel
J. O'Boyle, Captain
Joslyn

Seniors—

Pillmore
Taylor
Porter
Steinaker, Captain
Finley
Crooker
Porterfield
Fenske, A.
Schoenfeld

College Freshmen—

Ferris, Captain.
Foley
Overmyer
Boyle
Mosher
Sinn
Witherell
Lloyd
Baskind

Underclassmen—

Reed, Captain
Tolen
Mendelsohn
Caddick
Salmen
Hinman
Hess
Black
Robinson

The first games were played with the Sophomores against the Freshmen, and the Seniors against the Underclassmen, the Seniors and the Freshmen coming out on top. The final clash came when the two undefeated teams, the Seniors and Freshmen, and the two defeated teams, Sophomores and Underclassmen, met. Here, as luck would have it, the Freshmen and the Sophomores won. Three cheers for the winning Freshman team! Every team, whether winners or losers, did its best and never once forgot to "play the game".

At the end of these rather strenuous and nerve-racking two weeks, the teams celebrated with a banquet at the hotel, at which the College and Academy teams were announced as follows:

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College—

Bowen
Boyle
Ferris, Captain
Foley
Grobbsen
Lloyd
Mosher
Sinn
Witherell

Academy—

Fenske, Captain
Hess
Porterfield
Reed
Robinson
Salmen
Schonfeld
Steinaker
Taylor

At the banquet Josephine Barnes served as toastmistress, and toasts were given by Genevieve Ferris to the Losers; Katherine Steinaker to the Onlookers; Emily Reed to the Trainers; and Helen Grobbsen to the Winners. Highest honors were given to Bernice Taylor and Myra Polacheck.

Large emblems were awarded to Hinman, Goode, A. Nelson, Peterson, Ramsey, and Witherell; small emblems to Bachmann, Gaddis, Mosher, Rabeler, Robinson, Warner, Hinman, Mendelssohn, M. White, Ramsey, Ferris, Sinn, and Gast.

The final game between College and Academy was played the Thursday before vacation, and resulted in a victory for College, score 33 to 8.

Volley Ball

Volley Ball has not been overlooked in all this excitement about Basket Ball. A College and an Academy team were picked, and they had their final game in which the Academy won two out of three games. The teams were as follows:

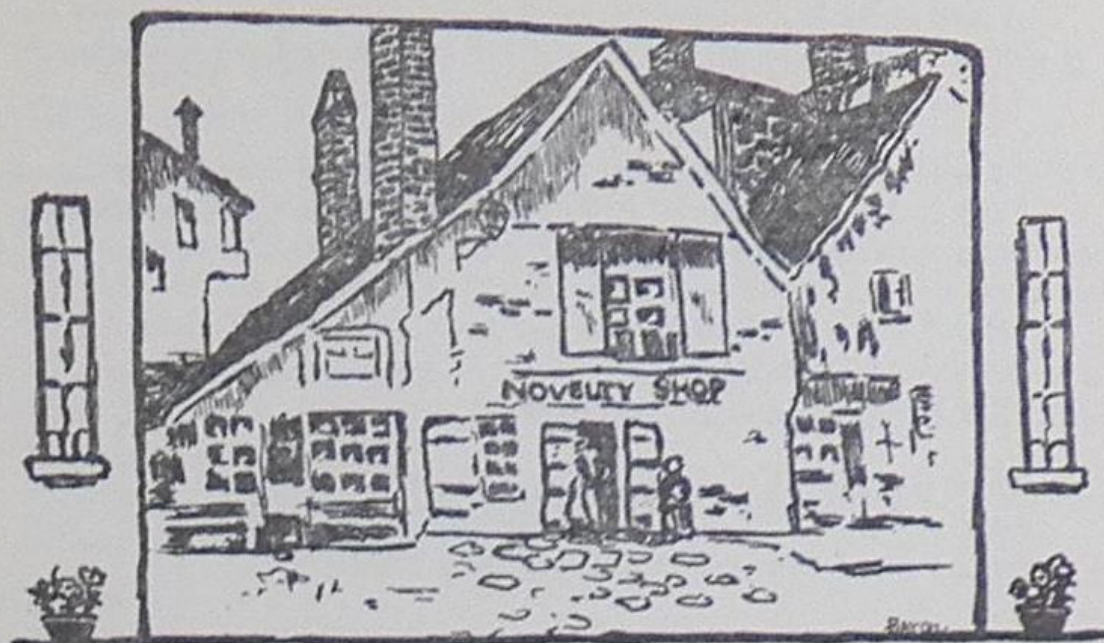
College—

Fenske, M.
Murray
Gast
Norris
Ramsey
Todd

Academy—

Bledsoe, Maurine
Bledsoe, Maxine
Larsen
Porteus
Pullen
Best





Spring

"Spring is here!" Ah, that glorious greeting
Which sets hearts a-flutter at every meeting,
Which gives to the robin his long-sought mate,
And makes her heart swell, at such a sweet fate.

The first timid dandelion peeps up its head,
As gold as the rays of the sun, just from bed;
The bluebird's sweet whistle is borne on a breeze
Which ne'er has been equalled, so whisper the trees.

At evening, along cool fragrant lanes
The lovers stroll, blissfully, as soft, sweet strains
Known only to their ears, for the theme is "Love",
Are poured from some heavenly harp from above.

So beware, ye old Scrooges, of Spring, for she
Has subdued more grumblers by far than thee.
She'll kiss your hard lips, which have never been kissed,
And she'll creep in your hearts, so you cannot resist.

Then Spring—Ah, Spring is a merry time,
When all man and nature seem made in a rhyme,
And when glorious Youth springs forth to cheer
For the loveliest season of all the year.

—Mary Elizabeth Hageman, Academy '29.

Jokes

Poet, (reading his latest), "While far across the undulating wheat fields——". Wait, there's something wrong with the meter."
Listener, "Probably it needs another quarter."

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A man in the hospital for mental cases sat fishing over the flower bed. A visitor wishing to be affable remarked, "How many have you caught?" "You're the ninth," was the reply.

"I hear that they've gone dry in the village where your family lives."

"Dry! They're parched. I just had a letter from home and the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin."

"Kay" Terry—"Gimme a Hershey bar."

Fenske—"Five or ten?"

"Kay"—"I said gimme one Hershey."

Heard in "Morey's" study hall:

Betty Moore—"Isn't there a peculiar smell in this room?"

Peggy Pullen—"Oh, no, it's only the dead silence."

"How do you spell 'honor'?"

"H-o-n-o-r. The 'h' is silent like the 'q' in billiards."

"Any last request?" inquired the kindly chaplain of the doomed man in the electric chair.

"Yes, Parson. It'll comfort me a lot if you'll just hold my hand."

SPRING SONG

Sprig, Sprig, glorious Sprig,
I got a colt ad evrythig,
I took off my heavy underthig,
Oh, I wad a fool.

I got an awful colt in my het,
Wed id the raid, and got all wet,
I'm wriding this poeb in my bet,
Oh, I wad a fool.

Knowsy Al says:

It's a long worm that has no turning.

She's such a prude that she never uses anything but proper nouns.

They call her Venus because she's not all there.

The narrow foreheads of many hi-brows is often an evidence of low mentality.

My idea of a really Collegiately dressed fellow is one who has to take two steps before his pants start moving.

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

Handsome is as facial does.

A roommate is a person who never has anything of his own and who designates all your possessions with the word "our".

Marriages

Elizabeth Shtattuck, '23, to Mr. Thomas Jenes Skellet on January 8, 1927, at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Eleanor Potts, '24-'25, to Mr. D. B. Cole on December 4, 1926 at Toledo, Ohio. At home, Columbus, Ohio.

Madeline Sloane, '15, to Mr. Graham Holland Hamrick on December 31, 1926, at Los Angeles, California. At home, 406 South Alvarado Street, Los Angeles.

Gretchen Bacon, '26-'27, to Mr. Robert Jonas Kubin on January 29, 1927, in the City of Detroit. At home after March 20, 1927, Melrose Hotel, Chicago.

Wilma Murrow, '20-'21, to Mr. Royce Whitney Forshay at Corydon, Iowa. At home, Anita, Iowa.



The Scattered Family

Jessie and Mercedes Brown, '26, are teaching in the public schools at Savanna.

Mary Seaman Thorberg, '15, has recently moved from North Dakota to Auburn, Washington.

Esther Merchant, '25, is a junior at the University of Illinois.

Elizabeth Jackson, '22, visited at the School in January.

Marian LeBron Pigman, '17-'18, lives in New York City. Her address is 274 West 11th Street.

Blanche Gradert, '17-'18, is studying at Columbia University.

Ruth Shannon Cumfer, '16, died suddenly at her home in Rutherford, New Jersey, on February 1, 1927. A year ago Frances Shimer friends were glad to welcome her back when she came to give a program of readings on Faculty Night. She is survived by her husband and two small children, a son and daughter, to whom the RECORD extends sincere sympathy.

Eleanor Hoge, '26, writes of her interest in her work at the University of Chicago, where she is majoring in History. She rooms with Darlene Sherer, '27 and mentions meeting Marvel Stevens, Jeanette Butler, Vera Harper, and Ruth Baron frequently.

Helen Holloway Beitner, '18, writes of a visit recently with Geraldine Hegert Schuyler, '19, and family at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and also with Matilda Bertrams, ex-faculty, who is now Mrs. William Honers of Jackson, Michigan.

Julia Jung, '24, was graduated from the University of Chicago last June and is spending this year at her home in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

The Class of 1903 have started a Round Robin and the testimony of one member of the Class is that the letters are "wonderfully interesting." If you belong to this Class and are interested in this bit of ancient history, send your address to Lola Spealman Taylor, Chadwick, Illinois, or to Helen Coburn Howell, Worland, Wyoming.

Harriet J. O'Neal, '64, one of the earliest graduates of the School, died at her home in San Francisco on February 11, 1927. Before moving to the West, Miss O'Neal was for many years a successful teacher in Mt. Carroll and neighboring towns.

Alice Lichty, '84, renewing her subscription from her home in Bowling Green, Florida, writes: "I must have the RECORD, for in each issue I find much that interests me. Mt. Carroll is my native town and everything pertaining to the place is dear to me, but most of all the dear old Seminary. I am still teaching music here and am deeply grateful to the

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School not only for my musical education, but also for its helpful influence in shaping my ideals."

Hazel Rollins Allen, '11, writes that she has recently returned to her profession, nursing. She is living in Prescott, Arizona, at one time a flourishing mining community, but now dependent for a large share of its business on the U. S. Veterans' Hospital—Whipple Barracks—and summer tourists who come to the mountains to escape the more intense heat of the plains in the summer.

Ruth King, '22, was graduated last June from The College for Women of Western Reserve University.

Viola Sweltzer Fransen, '09-'10, renews her subscription from her home in Rock Island. She writes that she passes her copies on to Mary Meyer Klever, '09-'10, who lives on a large farm near Ridotte, Illinois. She has two young sons.

Martha Jane Moffitt, '24-'25, writes that a catalog be sent to a friend who plans to enter Frances Shimer in the fall. Martha Jane is enjoying her work at Ames and says she frequently sees Grace Oberheim who is in charge of one of the department of the College Library.

Nellie Hobbs Smythe, '84, resides in Benton Harbor, Michigan, where she has a class in piano and is active in social and philanthropic work in the community.

Phyllis Carpenter, '24, is spending the year at her home in Grundy Center, Iowa, because of her father's illness.

Evelyn Caille, '24, is a stenographer for the Northwestern Securities and Loan Company at Humboldt, Iowa. She writes, "I often think back over those two happy years spent at Frances Shimer and think that I would not take a great deal for them."

Elizabeth Carr, '26, is a freshman at Mount Holyoke College.

Thelma Smith Ingram, '20, lives in New York City and is continuing her college work at Columbia University.

Louellyn Rogers Shkelton, '03, is the author of "Christmas in Arizona" a poem which appeared in the December number of Progressive Arizona.

Ruth Smith, '26, is circulation manager of a college paper at the University of Indiana.

Blanche E. Strong, a member of the class of 1876, and later a teacher of piano in the School, is now a member of the faculty of Hollywood School for Girls in California.

Martha Powell, '09, is principal of the Junior High School at Williamsburg, Iowa.

Catherine Haskell, '23-'24, is taking the nurses' training course at Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

Laura Barrett, '23, was chairman of the decorating committee of the annual Y. W. C. A. Bazaar at the University of Wisconsin. She chose an Indian motif, the hall typifying a trading post.

Jean Barry is a member of the Players' Club at Knox College.

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Dorothy Howell Scott, '15, died at her home in Des Moines on December 24, 1926. Following her graduation from Frances Shimer she entered Northwestern University where she was during the four years, a leader in campus activities. During her junior year she was the Women's Editor of the Northwestern Daily, and later was president of the Senior Class. She served as re-construction aide at Camp Dodge in Iowa and is New Haven, Connecticut. In June 1921 she married Mr. Ralph Scott of Des Moines, where she has since been prominent in church, club, and social work. To her parents and husband who survive her the RECORD extends sympathy.

Lillian Howard, '24, is in training in the School of Nursing of Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago. She writes, "I am wondering if the new girls appreciated the first Vesper service as the graduates would have if they had been there. And tell Mr. McKee not to forget to give his time famous "Riley Night" and Miss Morrison to tell her story of "Our Future" with the little old lady wending her way down the path of life to meet us. To me there is no place on the map like Frances Shimer."

Harriet Lee, ex-faculty, is now Director of Religious Education for the Young Women's Christian Association of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Sarah Hostetter, '78, has been spending the winter with her niece, Adeline Hostetter Burquist, '02, of Duluth, Minnesota.

Frances Zangle, '22, is living in Hollywood, California. She writes, "Frances Shimer has meant so much to me that I wish that I could do more to show my admiration and appreciation."

Florence Rice, '24, was graduated from the University of Chicago last June and is teaching this year in one of the schools of Maywood. She writes, "I have thirty-nine children in my room and I adore everyone of them."

Jessie Campbell, '07, tells of a visit with Anna Reese, '06, in Chicago recently. Miss Reese is head of the Reese Grain Co., with central offices in New York City, and branch offices in several western American and European cities.

At an attractive wedding service at her home in Corydon, Iowa, Wilma Murrow, '20-'21 College, became the bride of Mr. Royce Whitney Forshay. After attending Frances Shimer, Mrs. Forshay completed her college work at the University of Iowa. Mr. Forshay is a graduate of the same institution.

Evelyn Hegert, '20-'21, is now Mrs. Elmer Magee and lives in University Place, Lincoln, Nebraska.

An attractive holiday greeting showed Helen Hurley Harry, '18, and her young son, J. Roscoe Harry, Jr., who arrived at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, on October 20, 1926. Dr. and Mrs. Harry are living at The Embassy Hotel, Chicago.

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Mabel Dougherty, '10, who now lives in Santa Monica, Calif., writes that she spent the winter in Douglas, Arizona, with her sister.

Margaret Sayers, '21, writes, "I am in Cleveland, Ohio, working with the Women's Protective Association this year. I have about 80 girls under my care, all problems of some sort and all of the 'teen age. I hope some day that the class of '21 may have a re-union. I should love to see Vera Laub, Helen Chapman, Jane Miles, Alice Glover, Gertrude Murdough, and others."

Lucille Smith, '21, writes, "I was in Rolfe, Iowa, yesterday and talked to Frances King and Carol Ritchey and it made me wish I could come back to school again. I am in the Spencer, Iowa, high school and I know Dean McKee will be horrified when I tell him I am teaching Economics and American History.

Edna G. Eastabrooks, '24, is doing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Elda Platt, '14, writes of a delightful trip around the world last year. "I want to tell you too, of my marriage to Mr. M. A. Lyndon of Boston, Massachusetts, whom I met on shipboard. On our return to America we were married in New York and are now living in southern California." Since her graduation from Frances Shimer, Mrs. Lyndon has been for several years a successful teacher.

Gertrude Murdaugh, '21, is spending the year in Paris, continuing her work in art and studying French. She writes, "I am living with a French family and find it most interesting. In addition to my work I find time to attend opera and theatre and have met many interesting people."

Sally Pratt, '24, visited Sophy Perry, '25, at the School recently.

Mary Faison Dixon, ex-faculty, continues to live in Paris where she and a friend have a home for students. She writes, "I have loads of time to enjoy life and I find France a delightful country for vacations. I spent a month in the south during the winter and June in the Alps. I hope to return to America in the spring for a visit of two months.

Mabelle Mest, '23, who is studying music in Minneapolis this winter, was chairman of a committee of the Y. W. C. A. holiday entertainment. She reproduced the program of Frances Shimer's Christmas Party which "everybody has enjoyed so much!"

Edna A. Howard, ex-faculty, sends the following greeting to her friends from her home in Cleveland where she has a studio and a large class of pupils in voice: "Every year my thoughts turn to you and to my good friends in Mt. Carroll."

Agnes Collins Janssen, '16, writes, "Our son, Richard Jr., joins my husband and me in greetings!" The Record sends congratulations to both Richard, Jr., and his parents!

Shirley Deen, '23, writes from Los Angeles, "We have quite a Frances Shimer colony here. Tomorrow Frances Zangle who is teaching here is giving a dinner for Wanda Evans Burt and her husband who are just now moving to Concord, California to live. I had dinner recently with Helen Dearborn Reaves, who has an adorable baby son just four months old. I

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see Mary Branson often and am expecting Mabel Morris for a visit.

Maxine McMahon, '21, is studying music in New York City against this year.

Mary Lohr, '22, was graduated last year from the University of Des Moines and is now attending Columbia College of Expression in Chicago. She writes, "I like both my work and Chicago."

Helen Pratt, '18, recently appeared in a song recital at Kent, Ohio, where she was the guest of Ruth Miles Miller, '18.

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Office Phone BLACK 174

Residence—

Dr. Mershon Black 170

Dr. Petty Black 174



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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